

Superinfection

by HerRenegadeHeart

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Summary: The plague has descended and neither Danvers sister is getting away unscathed. Good thing they've had years together to learn the best ways to take care of one another.

## 1. Stubborn

\*\*suÃ·perÃ·inÃ·fecÃ·tion

><strong>(soÍžoâ€²pÉ™r-Ä-n-fÄ•kâ€²shÉ™n)

><em>noun<br>\_MEDICINE

(Pathology) an infection that occurs after, or in addition to, an earlier infection.

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><p><strong><em>Author's Notes:</em>\*\* This was written to be part of "The Things We Do", but ended up being long enough that I decided to turn it into a multi-chapter, stand-alone fic. Yes, multiple sick fics have already been done, but it was requested of me, so here ya go!

\_Prompts:\_

1. Kara doesn't get sick, so she sometimes struggles to empathize with a sick and grumpy Alex, but chicken noodle soup is the only thing she can make because it's the only thing that really works for Alex. - BreezyR on AO3

2. Can you do one with Kara being really sick from a power blow out and being stubborn and arguing with Alex on stuff like eating and taking her temperature and Alex being all over protective? â€” Tumblr anon

I didn't do completely everything that was asked for in the prompts,

but they were certainly what \_prompted\_ me to write this! Heh, heh.

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter One: Stubborn<strong>

"What's going on, Hank? What's the emergency?" Kara asked as she trotted up the steps onto the raised platform of the DEO control room and over to J'onn J'onzz's side. He looked at her. "Another Fort Rozz escapee?"

Instead of actually answering, he pointed past her. She turned to see what he was motioning at and a split second later, she understood. Sitting in the lab off of the control room was Alex. Nothing unusual about that except for the pale skin, red nose, watery eyes, and overall glum expression. Kara could practically hear her sister's labored breathing without even using her super hearing.

Kara sighed and looked back at J'onn. "How long?" she asked.

"Since she arrived this morning," he replied. "I've been trying to get her to go home ever since. Even threatened to lock her in one of the isolation rooms, but it was to no avail."

"She's stubborn."

"Like a mule," he agreed with a shake of his head. "I figured you'd have better luck convincing her."

Kara snorted. "Not likely."

J'onn shrugged. "Perhaps not, but you still possess something I do not."

"And what's that?"

"The ability to pick her up and physically drag her home if she still doesn't listen." She raised an eyebrow at him and he shrugged again. "You're her sister. She can't put a report in with HR about inappropriate handling if you do it."

Kara considered it and gave a conceding nod.

"She's also less likely to shoot you," he added, the barest hint of a smirk at the corners of his mouth.

"I see your point," Kara said. She took a steeling breath (because she knew convincing a sick Alex to do \_anything\_ was always a struggle) and nodded again, heading back down the steps and toward the lab.

The door was closed, the Alex Danvers sign for 'Beat it, I want to be alone'. Kara ignored the silent warning of grumpiness it also signified and pushed it open, saying, "Knock, knock," instead of actually knocking.

Alex turned, stared at Kara for a lethargic, but still-calculating beat, then narrowed her eyes, turning the irritated look out the glass room toward J'onn who met it with a challenging raise of an

eyebrow. The two stared each other down for a few long seconds before Alex finally deflated and turned to look at Kara again. "I take it Hank called you?"

"We may have spoken briefly, yes," Kara replied, moving slowly closer.

"I'm fine."

"Have you actually looked at yourself?"

"I don't needâ€""

"You look like death," Kara cut in, knowing that sometimes with Alex, telling it like it was was the only way to reach her. "So much so that I'm pretty sure you're scaring everyone here."

Alex rolled her eyes. "I am not."

"Have you not noticed the wide berth everyone is giving you? Even when they walk past the lab, they move to the opposite side of the hall from you."

"Kara, that is notâ€"" Alex started to protest, but before she could even finished the sentence, they both watched as Agents Adler and Benanti made a wide arc past the lab door before moving back to the middle of the corridor once they were past it. Alex squinted her eyes.

Kara bit back the 'I told you so' smile that was desperately fighting its way toward the surface and instead offered Alex a very solemn, "Let's get you home."

"Butâ€""

"Alex, the DEO can survive a day without you here," Kara said, countering the protest before it could even be made, "They cannot, however, survive if you give everyone here the plague. Let's go."

Alex huffed. "Fine," she grumbled, climbing to her feet. "Just let me change." When she disappeared out the door to go to the locker room, Kara met J'onn's eyes through the glass and gave him a thumbs up. He looked decidedly relieved.

\* \* \*

><p>By the time they made it to Kara's apartment, Alex was practically dragging and it actually took her a good thirty seconds after crossing over the threshold to realize they weren't, in fact, at her own apartment. She frowned. "Why are we here?" she asked, slurring slightly.</p>

"You know why you're here," Kara replied as she ushered her pallid and unsteady sibling past the couch and to her bed. "Sit," she commanded, steering Alex by her shoulders around and then in reverse until the back of her knees were against the mattress. Alex slumped down.

Kara crouched and pulled off Alex's boots, the fact that her sister

wasn't protesting the action a clear sign of just how ill she must have been feeling. "Despite the fact that you're the human, you never have any medicinal supplies at your apartment. I, however, am fully stocked."

"I'm fine," Alex groused unhappily. "I don't need medicine. Just a nap."

Kara smirked. When she'd first arrived on Earth, she'd found grumpy Alex to be a bit terrifying, but now she just found it adorable. "Fortunately for you, you will be getting both."

Alex flopped over sideways on the bed, burying her head in Kara's pillow. "No."

Kara put her hands on her hips. "Do I need to call your mother?"

With a gasp, Alex's eyes snapped back open. "No!" she exclaimed, turning her head so she could look at Kara straight on. Her chestnut eyes, though still sickly, were wide and utterly alarmed.

"If she caught a plane right away, she could be here in a few hours," Kara added just to draw out the torture a few seconds longer.

Alex seemed to catch on to what Kara was doing, caught the veiled threat in her teasing words "do as she said or deal with Mom" because she narrowed her eyes and pointed a finger at her. "Fine," she muttered. "I will take medicine."

Kara smiled, saying, "Good girl." She chose to ignore the colorful comments Alex grumbled under her breath as Kara headed out the room.

In her bathroom, Kara fished through the cabinet to find the appropriate medication. She held up two different ones in her hands, reading the boxes before she paused, frowning. "Alex?" she called out the door.

"Whaaat?" came the groaned response.

"Is this a cold or the flu?"

"All of the above."

Kara rolled her eyes, amused. "I'm pretty sure those are two different viruses."

"It's called a superinfection, and yes, that is the technical term. I'm the scientist, remember? I know these things."

Kara decided it was safer not to point out that she hadn't planned to argue the point and continued with, "What are your symptoms?"

"Dying."

Kara snorted at her sister's dramatics. "Sore throat? Congestion? Headache?"

"Yes, yes, and yes."

"Chills? Fever?"

"Uh huh."

"To which one?"

"Both."

"Ah." Kara nodded to herself. "Nausea?"

"Yuâ€ ...ugh!" Kara heard the choking gag-heave sound Alex was suddenly making and immediately tore out of the bathroom as fast as her Kryptonian-powered-legs could take her. She had the trashcan she'd snagged on her way out in front of her sister before Alex's hurling motion could even be completed.

Reaching forward, she pulled Alex's hair back out of her face and gave her a pitying look. "I guess that answers that question," she said lightly.

"None of that tone," Alex moaned dismally. "You aren't allowed to be amused at my misery."

Kara bit back a smirk. "I thought you were fine?"

"Shut uâ€" The gripe was finished and punctuated by another heave into the bucket.

Kara wanted to sympathize, \_empathize\_, she truly did, but she had no real reference as to how terrible it was to have something like the flu. She could only vaguely remember getting sick back on Krypton as a child and from what she could recall, it had never been quite as horrendous as all the illnesses humans could get. She supposed it had something to do with their different immune systems and her people's more advanced medicines.

"How did you even get sick?" Kara asked as she tucked Alex's hair behind her ears and then moved her hand down to rub soothing circles on her back.

"Your fault," Alex muttered, face still in the trashcan.

Kara frowned. She literally had no idea how it could have been her fault. It wasn't as if she could have passed a sickness on to her sister. "How?" she questioned, though when Alex turned her head and bore her bloodshot eyes into Kara, she sort of wished she hadn't asked.

"You made me see 'Kung Fu Panda Three' with you."

Kara blinked. "...Yes?"

"Instead of 'Deadpool'."

"Well, I said we could see 'Deadpool' next. And c'mon, even you agreed that 'Kung Fu Panda' was fun!"

"Yes, but there were children at 'Kung Fu Panda'. Everywhere.

Diseased children who infected me." She heaved into the bucket again. "There wouldn't have been diseased children at 'Deadpool', " she grumbled, spitting.

"Well, I don't know so much about that," Kara murmured. "There are some fairly questionable parents out there!"

Alex just groaned miserably, then placed the trashcan in Kara's hands and flopped back over. "Water?"

Kara grimaced slightly at the puke-filled container, but nodded in acquiescence at her sister's request. "Be right back." She cleaned out the bucket and got her sister both a bottle of water and a variety of meds to put on the side table for when could actually stomach them. She was fast, Supergirl fast, because she knew there was no telling when another vomit eruption might occur.

Despite the speed, Alex seemed to already be halfway to sleep by the time she actually returned. Kara cracked the seal on the bottle of water and crouched beside her poor, ailing sibling. "Here," she whispered, smiling softly when Alex cracked at eye and extended a hand for the water. Kara helped her take a few sips before she put it on the side table next to everything else.

"An hour," Alex murmured.

"Hmm?" Kara questioned as she pushed some limp strands of dark hair back off of Alex's forehead.

"An hour nap and then I have to go back to work."

Kara frowned. "Or, ya know, there's the option of not being a crazy person and actually resting," she countered.

"I am resting," Alex weakly argued. "For an hour. Set the alarm."

Kara sighed. Alex was always so stubborn, especially when she was sick. "You're going to make me have to bring out the big guns," Kara announced as she wandered momentarily out of the room.

"If you call Mom, I will never bring you donuts again," the dying one threatened, tone feeble and choked.

Kara just rolled her eyes and headed to the linen closet, searching for the secret weapon. It took her a few seconds, but then she spotted on the top shelf in the way back.

"Your mom said I would know when you needed it the most," she said as she came back into the room, holding the item behind her back.

"Need what?" Alex croaked.

Kara pulled it out and watched as her sister's eyes grew huge. "Pudge?" Alex gasped. "Where did you get that?"

It was a stuffed manatee of all things, a favorite toy of Alex's from when she was a girl. Apparently, as the tale went, the Danvers had taken a family trip to Crystal River in Florida, home of a great many real life manatees. Kara hadn't been there because she hadn't yet

arrived on Earth, but she'd been told that little Alex had fallen so in love with the big grey blobs that she had made great plans to bring a baby one home to keep in the bathtub. She was going to feed it romaine lettuce, Eliza had told Kara, laughing, amused by the fact that tiny Alex had been so very specific about the type of lettuce it would eat. Sadly, when it came time to leave, they had to tell her that no real manatees could come back with them. The stuffed manatee had been bought as a way to console the heartbroken Alex. After that, it had always been her go-to toy for when she was upset or sick.

"Eliza had me hold on to it for you, after you decided to do that weird old life purge thing right before college," Kara informed her. "She thought you'd probably want it back again some day."

"Why'd she give it to you?"

"She knew I would keep it safe." After having lost everything when her planet exploded, Kara had grown especially attentive and careful with everything she considered special, including the things special to those she loved.

Alex made very insistent 'Gimme!' fingers at Kara, arms outstretched.

"Uh uh," Kara said, holding the stuffed animal farther away. "You only get Pudge if you agree to remain in bed until your body wakes you up. No alarm."

"Karaâ€|"

"That's the deal."

Alex's eyes narrowed, darting from Kara's face to the manatee and then back again. Finally she growled and reached out again.

"Fine."

Kara grinned, triumphant, and immediately surrendered the stuffed creature. She watched in satisfaction as her cranky sister clutched it tight to her chest and closed her eyes, instantly relaxing.

The manatee was not in the best shape, ragged with love. It's right eye had been sewn back in twice, it's grey fur had lost all it's sheen, and it's tail had a large red stain on it fromâ€"

"Popsicles," Alex murmured, already near asleep.

"Hmm?"

"I want popsicles," she said, cracking an eye open to look at Kara, "when I wake up."

Kara smirked. "Red?"

"Red."

"Okay." She already had them. She always had everything Alex needed on hand, just in case.

\* \* \*

><p><em>AN's:\_ Shhh, manatees are my favorite. Just go with it.

Also, TBC. This is chapter 1 of 3. The other two will be up in the next day or two!

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## 2. Blown

\_\*\*Author's Notes: \*\*\_I'm so glad you all enjoyed the first chapter! It got way more of a response than I thought it would. You guys are the best!

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter Two: Blown<strong>

Alex did her best to keep her coughing to a minimum as she passed through the doors of the DEO. She was still sick â€“ not deathly so, granted, but she certainly didn't feel like her usual self either. She wouldn't have even been back at the base (mostly because of Kara's continued threats to report her health status to her mother) if it hadn't been for J'onn calling her in.

"Hank? What's the emergency?" she questioned as she didn't-quite-trot-because-the-chest-congestion-had-her-slightly-winded-but-still-quickly-walked up the steps to where he was standing on the platform in the control room, monitoring something on the screens before him.

He turned toward her, giving her a fatherly scrutinizing-squinted-eyes once-over before muttering, "This is like some strange, role reversal dÃ©jÃ vu." Then he pointed toward the lab. Before she even turned her head, Alex had a feeling she knew what she was going to see and her instinct was right.

Kara.

Her sister was sitting in the glass-walled room, head down, frown on her face. Alex sighed and looked back at J'onn. She opened her mouth to ask what had happened, but he seemed to anticipate it (or perhaps he was reading her mind...) because he shook his head and said, "You might just want to ask her."

Alex didn't question it further, just nodded her understanding and moved off.

The lab door was open when she got to it, so she walked in without pause. "Kara?" she called.

When Kara looked up, Alex's heart clenched at the sadness she saw in her sister's eyes. She immediately opened her arms as she crossed over to her and hugged her tight. "What's wrong? What

happened?"

"Hank didn't tell you?" Kara asked, hugging Alex back.

"No," Alex replied with a shake of her head. She pulled back so she could see her sister's face, but kept her hands on Kara's shoulders. "What's going on?"

"Collapse in the south-bound bay tunnel," her tougher-than-steel sister sighed. "There was a family trapped. The water â€“ it was just rushing in so fastâ€|" Kara shook her head, dropping Alex's gaze to stare at a spot beyond her.

Alex frowned at the way Kara's voice grew more strained with each word. She squeezed her shoulders. "...They drowned?" she softly asked so that Kara wouldn't have to voice the painful words herself.

Kara's eyes shot back to Alex's and she immediately shook her head. "No! I blasted through and we got the family out, butâ€|"

"But?"

Kara's face crumpled slightly, a sudden rush of tears highlighting the blue of her round, sad eyes in the most piteous way. "I wasn't fast enough and their puppyâ€|" She sucked in a pathetic little hiccupped breath. "I couldn't get to him."

A beat of pure mental \_'...Huh?'\_ passed where Alex just stared at Kara before she finally blinked herself free of it and said, "Awww, Karaâ€|" She hugged her sister again and frowned, perplexed, behind her back. It wasn't that she couldn't understand Kara's distress â€“ she loved dogs as much as the next personâ€", she was just wondering why J'onn would have called her about this. She found his decision to label Kara being sad over a puppy dying an "emergency" a strange mix of endearing and confusing.

Endearing because he clearly cared enough about Kara's emotional well-being to call Alex in. It was a huge difference to how he'd behaved toward the younger Danvers sister when she'd first started working with the DEO.

At the same time though, it was confusing because it wasn't actually an emergency and he wasn't usually one for over-exaggerating. Was it just that he hadn't wanted to deal with an emotional Kara himself? It was possible, she supposed, if he was extraordinarily busy, but he hadn't seemed to be when she'd walked in, nor was the working hum of the DEO particularly energized like tended to be when something big was going on. Even now, J'onn didn't seem to really be paying attention to the activity around him. He was instead eyeing the two of them through the glass.

"I'm sorry about the puppyâ€|" Alex said slowly, gently patting Kara's back as her sister continued to cling on to her. "But sometimesâ€| well, sometimes you just can't save everyone."

"I know that," Kara said softly, pushing back, a frown marring her sweet features. She unthinkingly wiped her nose with the back of her hand, reminding Alex very much of a small child. "It's justâ€" ...the

look on the little girl's face when I couldn't save him." She sniffed, staring dejectedly down at the floor. "If I hadn't panicked... If I hadn't pushed so hard and blown out my powers!"

Alex blinked. "What?"

Kara very slowly brought her eyes back up to meet Alex's once more and she replied with a wince, "...I blew out my powers again? Trying to get through to the family fast enough..."

Alex resisted the urge to facepalm. It was no wonder J'onn had been concerned! "And you didn't lead with this?" she questioned, but even as she said it, she realized just how like her sister it actually was to be more concerned about a puppy than blowing out her powers.

Kara sighed. "I'm sorry. I'm kind of out of it!"

Alex softened her exasperated expression and squeezed Kara's forearm, saying, "It's okay," before overprotective big sister mode fully set in. She started checking Kara over. "Are you alright? Are you hurt? Did Hernandez check you out? Or Hamilton?"

Kara pulled back from Alex's examining hands. "Yes, Hernandez checked me out. I'm fine, he says, save being powerless again. I'm just tired. And worried, obviously."

"That your powers won't come back?"

Kara nodded. "Yeah."

"They did last time."

"Only because James fell down an elevator shaft."

Alex reflected on this for a beat and then nodded. "True, but it's alright, we'll figure it out. If it comes down to it, I'm sure we could replicate that experience. I even bet Winn would be willing to push James off a building or something for you."

"Alex!"

"What? I'm just saying," she said with a grin. She was worried, too, of course, but the need to bring comfort to her sister outweighed that for the moment.

Kara rolled her eyes at Alex, but then smirked.

"C'mon, let's get you home."

"Okay," Kara said.

The pair started out the lab, Kara looping her arm through Alex's. They were halfway across the control room when a harsh round of coughing bubbled up from Alex's chest and she was unable to keep it contained.

She paused there suddenly, not because the coughing was so terrible that she couldn't keep walking, but because an alarming thought had

occurred to her in that moment. She looked at Kara, eyes wide. "Kara, I'm sick."

"I know. I was there, remember? With the bucket and the popsicles?" Kara replied mildly. "And Pudâ€"

Alex quickly waved her off, not wanting her to announce any further embarrassing details of her recovery while standing in the middle of the DEO. She had a badass reputation to maintain. "No, I know that," she hissed. "What I mean is that I'm still sick and you're now without powers."

It took Kara a beat, but very quickly after a look of comprehension bloomed bright across her face. "Ooooh," she said, then shook her head. "I'm sure I'll be fine. Just don't cough on me."

\* \* \*

><p>"Ugh. Not fine."</p>

"What?" Alex asked, startled at Kara's green tone.

"Not fine," Kara repeated before she slapped one hand over her mouth and smacked the dashboard multiple times in quick succession with the other. "Not fine!"

Alex immediately swerved across three lanes of traffic and slammed the car to a halt the moment both sets of wheels had made it over the rumble strip on the side of the road.

Kara swung the door open and immediately puked, unable to even get her belt off before she did so.

They were barely twenty-five minutes into the forty-seven minute trip (Alex had timed it for a number of reasons, though mainly so she knew when to leave work in order to be on time for their movie nights) from the DEO to Kara's apartment in the city. The sniffling had started at about ten minutes in, the dry coughing at eighteen, and now this. It seemed that when a Kryptonian actually caught something, they caught it fast and hard.

Kara heaved several more times before she slumped back in the seat. Alex pulled out some tissues and extended them to her, watching as her sister took them and wiped her mouth. "That sucks," Kara croaked.

"Yep."

Kara darted her eyes sideways to look at Alex. "No, like really. Ugh. Justâ€| \_ugh\_."

"Welcome to the human race."

"The sympathy," Kara murmured, closing the door and then her eyes, "it's overwhelming."

Alex snorted softly, smirking, and carefully pulled back onto the road. As soon as she could, she pulled a u-ey which had Kara, after taking a good two minutes for her to realize they'd changed directions, asking, "Where are we going?"

"Back to the DEO," Alex informed her.

Kara frowned. "Why?" she very nearly whined. "I just want to go home."

"You're sick, Kara."

"I know that," came the resultant groan.

"You don't get sick."

"I know that, too."

"So we're going back, to be sure you're not at any serious risk."

"It's your car upholstery that's at risk," Kara huffed.

Alex grimaced slightly. "I'm aware," she replied heavily, then took a breath. "But upholstery can be cleaned. You, however, could die."

She easily caught her sister's side-eye even with her attention on the road. "And you say I'm dramatic!" Kara murmured.

"There's dramatic and there's circumspect." She looked over at Kara's pale and queasy face and added, "I'm not willing to take the chance of something going wrong, not with you."

Kara blew out a slow sigh then gave her a small, wan smile. "Okay," she conceded before closing her eyes again.

Alex was relieved that Kara wasn't going to argue anymore with her and turned her full attention back on the road.

She decided to stay in the right lane after that, just in case she needed to pull over quickly again. She really was quite fond of her upholstery.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'm dying."</p>

"You're not dying."

"But you said I could be dying."

"I was being dramatic."

"You said you were being cautious."

"Actually I said circumspect."

"Same thing."

Alex shrugged. "Well, I was being all those things, but anyway, I've checked you out â€“ your immune system seems to be reacting to the virus close to the same way a human's would."

"But I'm not human," Kara pointed out.

"True and that's why you're going to stay here for a while, so I can monitor you until I'm absolutely sure you're going to be okay, but then I'll take you home to rest. Or your powers could return. Either way, your vitals are steady."

"Well, I don't feel steady," Kara grumbled. "I feel very, veryâ€" She stopped short, eyes bulging almost comically, as all color fled her already-pale cheeks and she brought the sterile plastic blue bucket Alex had handed her the moment they'd made it into the med bay up to her face. She heaved for a good minute before she finally lowered it and raised her eyes to gaze miserably at Alex.

"â€"Unsteady." She took a few breaths, something Alex easily recognized as an attempt to calm her nausea. "I got that head cold last time I blew out my powers and I thought that that was bad, but thisâ€| this..."

"Sucks?"

"This sucks."

Alex smirked, giving her little sister a sympathetic look. "I know and I'm sorry, but you're just going to have to tough it out, just like the normal person you always wanted to be." She bit back the mirth that swelled at the grumpy glare Kara shot her.

"Don't worry, you'll be okay soon." She turned to readjust the solar lights she'd set up. She'd originally thought about just having Kara lie atop the solar bed in hopes of kickstarting her Kryptonian genes, but her sister was so uncomfortable with all the body aches from the flu that she hadn't wanted to subjugate her to more discomfort. She'd settled for putting Kara in a normal bed and bringing in lights to shine on her instead.

"I don't understand."

Alex looked back at her sister. "Understand what?"

"How you can handle this," the sickly Kryptonian replied, "and so frequently."

"It's hardly frequent. Maybe once or twice a year."

Kara shuddered (or perhaps it had been a chill from the flu). "That's one or two times too many."

"I agree," Alex said with an amused upturn of her lips. "Unfortunately, we mere mortals don't have much of a choice in the matter. You just learn to live with it."

"I promise I will never tease you when you're sick again," Kara vowed and Alex laughed softly, doubtful that her sister would be able to keep her word. She knew how entertained Kara always was by Alex's grumpiness; she couldn't help but tease.

Alex squeezed Kara's forearm gently. "Just get some rest, okay?"

Kara looked up at Alex, sky eyes fever bright and slightly glazed.

"Stay with me?" she requested in an almost pitifully hopeful tone, patting the bed next to her.

Alex knew that there were other things she could be doing, especially since they were back at the DEO. She'd already missed several days of work herself and knew there was plenty she could be catching up on, but at the same time, she wasn't even meant to be there (as both Hank and Kara had been strict about how many days of sick leave she had to take and those days weren't up yet) and she never could say no to Kara, especially not when she had that adorably pathetic look on her face.

"Alright," she conceded, taking Kara's puke bucket from her and putting it on the side table where it was still within reach, "scoot over."

Kara did so without question, making room on the bed for Alex and then tucking immediately into the older Danvers sister's side the moment Alex had climbed up next to her.

The heat from her fever made Kara feel like a furnace. It was actually somewhat uncomfortable having her sister pressed against her, but Alex wasn't about to pull away. She wasn't sure how Kara could stand it, being touched when she was sick â€“ Alex had always disliked it. She much preferred to lie untouched in her suffering.

At the same time though, it didn't surprise Alex that her sister was seeking out physical contact in her time of misery. It's what she always did. Alex wasn't sure if being more tactile was a Kryptonian thing or simply a Kara thing, but either way, wanting to cuddle when she felt like crap seemed perfectly right in this moment.

"You're sure we can't just go home?" Kara murmured.

Alex glanced down at her sickly sibling's flushed face and shook her head. "Not for a while," she replied regretfully. "Besides, no powers, no flying, and I doubt you really want to make that almost-hour drive back to your apartment when you feel like this."

Kara frowned, expression somehow both thoughtful and completely miserable. "Wellâ€¦" Her lips pursed together and she stared hard at a spot across the room, clearly debating with great intensity.

Alex snorted softly at the concentration on her poor sister's face. "I suppose we could bring a puke bucket in the car and make sure the seat warmers are on," Alex supplied helpfully, mindful to keep her tone sober despite how tickled she actually was. She had no plans to do such a thing, to cart her "dying" sister home, but it was more amusing to help Kara reach the decision herself instead of giving her a flat out "no".

"Actually," Alex continued in jest, looking contemplatively up at the ceiling, "it might be safer just to put you in a hazmat suit, in case we come across any other sick people. God knows you do not want to catch something else on top of what you already have." She nodded resolutely. "I'm sure Hank wouldn't mind if we borrowed one from one of the labs."

A cringe immediately slipped across Kara's features and she made a unhappy grunt in the back of her throat. "Um, yeah, never mind." Then she squinted her eyes up at Alex. "Wait, are you messing with me?"

Alex laughed soundlessly and tucked Kara's head under her chin. "Just rest," she said as she began to comb her fingers through Kara's honey hair, something she knew her sister found soothing.

Kara grumbled something that Alex didn't quite catch, then snuggled closer still (somehow) and settled.

Silence, save the beeping of nearby machines, fell over the two of them and Alex was sure Kara had fallen asleep, but then suddenly a raspy murmur cut softly through the stillness. "Can we get those people another puppy?" The question was almost drunkenly whispered, Kara's voice thick with congestion and sleep. Alex couldn't help but grin. Of course that would be the thing Kara would dwell on.

"Yes, Kara, we can get them another puppy."

"A tiny white one?"

"A tiny white one."

Kara made a pleased sound and it wasn't long after that her wheezing breaths slowed with sleep.

\* \* \*

><p><em>AN's:\_ TBC! One more chapter to go! It should be up tomorrow hopefully (if not tomorrow, the day after)! My roommate and soul clone (Shannyfish!) declared that we are to go to Disneyland tomorrow so I won't have as much time to wrap it up and edit it so I can get it out to you all, but I shall try my best!

### 3. Green

Author's Notes: \_Do forgive me for taking an extra day or so more than I said to get this to you.

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter Three: Green<strong>

Alex hung up the phone and paced through the doors back into the med bay.

"I'm the one who's sick, so why do you look green?" came a croak from the bed.

Blinking, Alex looked up to see her sister peeking out from slitted eyes and staring at her. "Winn and James have been blowing up my phone," she told her. "Apparently Cat is on the warpath because you were meant to have prepped her for some sort of meeting or something?"

Kara's eyes widened and somehow her already pale complexion lost even more color. "Oh my God." She started to attempt to get up, flinging

the blanket back and dizzily throwing her legs over the side of the bed. "The board meeting. I forgot."

Alex immediately crossed to her side and halted her movements by placing her hands on her sister's shoulders. "Whoa there, what do you think you're doing?"

"I have to go," Kara wheezed, bloodshot eyes darting around the room as if she were trying to strategize the fastest way to get dressed and get out. "Ms. Grantâ€"

"â€Will survive without you," Alex cut in. "You're still sick. You've only been resting for like two hours." She was trying to reach the rational, logical part of Kara's brain, but could tell by the crazed look in her sister's eyes that logic had flown off at warp speed the moment moment she'd mentioned Cat's name. "Besides," she continued, determined, "I gave Winn and James the password to your computer so they can access your notes and told them to deal with it."

"But Alex, there's so much more than just the notes," Kara protested, trying and failing to get past Alex. "They don't understand. They can't gauge her mood and know precisely which of those notes she needs to know and when. They don't know which glasses she wants or when she needs herâ€" She stopped suddenly short, slumping back slightly onto the bed. "Wait, how do you know my work password?"

"Elite agent."

Kara seemed to consider this. "Oh. Right."

"And you also use the same password for everything, and if I'd been wrong, Winn could have just hacked it."

"Trueâ€|" Kara's brow furrowed ever so slightly, "...to both."

"Anyway, Cat Grant is a grown woman and she can figure it out on her own."

"My entire job exists so she doesn't have to figure it out on her own," Kara countered.

Alex paused a beat and realized she couldn't quite argue that. "Well, yes, fine, but James and Winn are also adults and they can figure it out." She paused a second time, squinting an eye up at the ceiling in thought. "Or, well, James is an adult. Winn isâ€| less so."

"Al-eeeex," Kara all but whined, trying to push up off of the bed again, "I really need to go."

Alex pushed her back down once more into a seated position. "Sit," she said firmly. "Stay."

Kara frowned. "I am not a puppy."

Alex snorted. "Uh huh."

"Alex."

She sobered and settled Kara with her best "big sister glare", narrowed eyes and all. "No, Kara. You're sick and you're staying here."

Kara pursed her lips grumpily, but then scooted fully onto the bed, lying back in the pillows. She was putting on a good show and while Alex understood her sister's concern (Cat was unpredictable and fairly vindictive), she could also tell just how terrible Kara felt. She was pretty sure her sister didn't actually want to go, or at least truly didn't feel up to it, but was putting up a fight because she didn't like letting anyone down.

Alex understood that; they were very similar in that respect. They'd both been raised to put others first, to help and protect, and after so many years of being told to care for others, it was almost an unconscious compulsion. Neither of them could help it and often felt guilty when personal needs got in the way of the needs of others.

That thought reminded her of something elseâ€œ or well, perhaps it hadn't reminded her, as the cheering yet mildly unsettling knowledge had never left her mind, but it did prompt her to bite the bullet and tell Kara.

"In other news, Mom is coming."

Kara perked up a little at that. "Oh?" she said, then paused half a beat, a look of realization dawning across her pale face.

"Oh."

Alex squinted her eyes at her. "'Oh' what?"

"That was the look."

"What look?"

"The queasy look you had when you walked in," Kara said, apparently not too sickly that she couldn't poke fun at Alex. "It wasn't because I might lose my job, but because Eliza is coming."

Alex thought to deny the fact, but knew it would do little good. She sighed and slumped down on the edge of Kara's bed. "She wasn't pleased to find out you were sick."

Kara raised an eyebrow, levity being replaced with concern. "Don't tell me she's blaming you for it?"

"Not in exact words..."

"But?"

Alex scrubbed a hand over her face, a headache building behind her eyes. "There was a tone?"

"I thought you two had that come to Jesus at Thanksgiving?" Kara questioned, unthinkingly swabbing a hand beneath her running nose.

Alex grabbed a tissue from the nearby side table and handed it to her. "We did, butâ€œ!" She shrugged. "Old habitsâ€œ!"

"So in other words, you were hearing things?" Kara said, her teasing tone only partially muffled by the tissue she had pressed to her face.

"Hush, you."

Kara dropped her hand back down into her lap and offered Alex a tired smile.

Alex took a breath. "Anyway, she's coming to take care of you."

"She is? I thought she was speaking at that biochemistry conference in New York?"

"She is, but she decided you were more important," Alex replied mildly. "Honestly, I think it might actually be some bizarre maternal fulfillment thing â€œ" she never really got to take care of you when you were sick before, at least not physically sick." She shrugged then pursed her lips. "Then again, it could also be scientific curiosity. Who knows? Either way, she said she's coming and that she's going to make you wassail and soup and wait on you hand and foot."

"She really said that?" The question was teetering between hopeful and uneasy as if Kara wasn't quite sure how she should be taking the news.

"No." Alex shook her head and Kara deflated a tiny bit. "What she actually said was, 'I've just booked a flight. I'll be there in eight hours. You take care of her, Alex.'" She couldn't keep the heaviness out of her voice as she said the last sentence, old feelings of incompetence and guilt harder to banish than she would have liked. She could tell that Kara had noticed it, too, because a crease appeared between her brows.

Alex rushed to alleviate some of the weight she had unwittingly added to the air. She smiled and patted Kara's leg. "But I assume that's what she plans to do considering the huge list of supplies she texted me to pick up from the store before she arrives."

"Everyone seems to be going out of their way," Kara commented as she leaned back into the pillows a little more.

Alex pushed up off of the bed and wandered over to the monitors. "Did you expect anything less?" she replied, offering her sister a smile. "You are loved." As the words passed through her lips, she immediately recognized them as the beginning of a quote from a 'Doctor Who' episode she had watched when she and Kara had binged their way through the entire series a few months before it had been taken off of Netflix. She couldn't help, but finish it. "By so many, and so muchâ€œ"

"â€œAnd by no one more than you?" Kara cut in, finishing it off.

Alex puffed out a laugh. "We are nerds."

"I think we've discussed this before," the blonde replied, a smile blooming across her face. It wasn't quite as bright as it normally would have been, but Alex couldn't fault her for that. She knew how draining even smiling was when you were sick.

"We have," she agreed.

"You do realize that the Doctor dies at the end of that scene, right?"

"Only kind of. They restarted reality."

"Sometimes I wish I could restart this reality." Kara shifted in clear discomfort, rolling onto her side and pulling her legs up into a fetal position. She draped her arms across her stomach and hugged herself.

"Really?" Alex asked, sincerely curious. After what had happened with the Black Mercy, she couldn't help but wonder if her sister still longed for her old life or for something more than what she had.

Kara paused for a moment, then shook her head. "No, not really." She smiled at Alex. "I love who I am and those in my life."

Alex felt a spark of relief and smiled back. "Though you wouldn't say no to a tiny restart that left you free of the flu?"

"I don't suppose we have any detainees with healing powers locked up that might cure me in return for special privileges for good behavior?" was Kara's hopeful reply.

"No 'get out of jail free' cards for you or any detainees."

"Darn."

Alex smirked, then returned her attention to her sister's vitals on the monitors. She noticed a slight spike in Kara's temperature and frowned.

"What?"

"Hmm?" Alex pulled her eyes from the monitor to meet Kara's.

"There's a frown." Kara made a circular motion around her forehead area. "Right there."

"Oh," Alex said, then shook her head. "Your temperature is a little high."

"I thought Kryptonians ran higher than humans."

"You do," she assented with a nod, "but even then, this is still higher than I would like."

"My face feels hot," Kara told her and her cheeks supported her claim as they had flooded with a deep pink while the rest of her face remained a sickly pallor, "but everything else feels cold and achey."

She frowned. "I don't like it."

Alex gave her a sympathetic smile. "That's pretty on par for the flu, I'm afraid." Even just talking about it made a tickling, uncomfortable warmth begin to trail up her spine and heat the back of her skull. Psychosomatic response, she told herself. Yes, a residual cough still remained, but she was more or less over her own illness. There was no way it was flaring back up.

Kara made a pitiful, dispirited little mewl in the back of her throat and pulled the blankets back up to her chin, tucking them beneath it. "How long does this last again?" she asked.

"Well," Alex started, looking back at the monitors again, just to double check things, "depends on the person, and since you aren't humanâ€|"

"You really have no clue."

"Correct." After a moment, Alex moved back over to Kara's side and took her hand when her sister extended it out to her. More tactile comfort needed it seemed. She used her other hand to brush an errant lock back off of Kara's forehead. "You'll be alright," she promised and she hoped desperately she could keep it. As far as she knew, a Kryptonian had never caught a human flu before and all she could think of was how the aliens in The War of the Worlds had been defeated by a simple earthly microorganism their immune systems didn't know how to fight off.

"You keep saying that, but I still feel the same."

"You've only been sick for three hours. It takes longer than that."

Kara groaned. "I want this to be over," she complained.

"Your world usually runs at lightning speed, I get it," Alex said, "but for now, you have to be patient."

"I don't like being patient...or a patient." There was a clear pout on the Kryptonian's face and it amused Alex far more than it should have. It wasn't very often that she got to see a grumpy Kara. Morose, angsty, sugar high, over the moon, and gleefully excited, yes, but grumpy was rare and incredibly entertaining.

Alex laughed softly and patted the back of Kara's hand. "Go back to sleep. It'll pass quicker then."

Kara sighed, retracting her hand from Alex's and slipping it under the blankets again. She still looked utterly miserable, but she didn't argue. She just closed her eyes.

Alex moved off toward the chair on the side of her sister's bed to settle down with her laptop and get a few things done when her phone chimed. She pulled it from her pocket and glanced down at the screen. It was a text.

She opened it; she paled.

"What is it?"

Her head snapped up to see Kara's eyes back open, worn out and squinting. "Uh..."

"Uh?"

Alex looked down again to double check what she had read before returning her gaze to Kara. She chewed her lip.

"Alex?"

"There is news."

Kara pushed up onto her elbow, frown burying her brow deeply downward. "And? What?" Her eyes suddenly widened. "Is it James and Winn? Am I fired??"

"Well, no, ...not presently," Alex replied, wincing.

Kara sucked in a deep, relieved breathâ€¦ only to wheeze it back out again in a gargling wet cough. She grimaced in distaste. "If I'm not fired then what?" she rasped. "Please don't say that it's nothing because I can see your face and it's doing that thing again."

Alex almost asked 'What thing?', but she already knew what thing. She could feel herself doing it, the \_shit, shit, shit\_ thing. "Mom just texted to say she's boarded her plane."

"...Okay, and?"

"And she said she doesn't need me to pick her up from the airport when she arrives laterâ€¦" she swallowed hard, "because she's going to get a taxi."

"Oooo-kay." The look Kara was giving her one of confusion-nearing-irritation. "And\_?"

This was bad. This was going to be bad.

"Alex! Just spit it out!"

"Okay!" Alex exclaimed back, anxiety making her fingers tingle. She shook one of her hands out. "I may have mentioned to her that Cat was particularly upset by your absence today..."

"...Oh." There was a long pause and Alex watched Kara, watched as the information slowly sank in. She watched as comprehension ignited and then panic flared bright. "Oh my God. Please don't tell me she's going to...to..."

Alex just shook her head. She just needed to say it. "She said she was going to stop by CatCo on the way to your apartmentâ€""

Kara's complexion turned ghostly. "Oh my God."

Alex closed her eyes and, hoping speed would make it less terrible, like ripping off a proverbial Band-Aid, said in a rush, "â€œAnd talk to Cat on your behalf\_."

One second.

Two.

Three.

Foâ€"

"Oh my God!" There was a crash.

Alex snapped her eyes back open to see that Kara's blanket had been chucked across the room, knocking over one of the solar lamps...

And that Kara was floating over the bed, eyes huge and round in absolute alarm.

"Oh my God, Alex, this can't happen! We have to stop her! Text her back and tell her she can't do that. Where is my phone?" She looked frantically around. "I'll do it, I'll tell her! Oh my God, I can't just lie here and be sick! I-I-I need toâ€""

"Kara."

"Um, I need to stop her or-or-or \_you\_ \_do\_!"

"Kara."

"Send a team! Can you do that? Can you send a team to meet her at the airport and escort her to my apartment? And keep her \_contained\_ there?"

"\_Kara!\_"

The Kryptonian blinked, startled by Alex's bark. "What?"

"You have your powers back," Alex replied mildly, gesturing to the empty space between the bed and Kara's hovering feet.

"Huh-wha?" Kara looked down at herself. She frowned and blinked confusedly again up at Alex. "I, what? I don'tâ€""

Alex was fighting valiantly to keep her amusement at her sister's sheer befuddlement reined in. "You panicked," she informed her, expression as straight as she could make it, "Extreme adrenaline rush, I would assume. I think it kickstarted your powers."

"Oh." A beat. "\_Oh\_." Relief colored Kara's cheeks and she floated down to the ground, landing soundlessly. She blew out a breath. There was another beat and it seemed that something else occurred to her because her face suddenly bloomed with delight. "I feel better!"

Alex smiled. "Good, I'm glad." Her own relief at the fact leaving her feeling strangely more drained than rejuvenated.

Kara patted herself down as if she was testing to be absolutely sure that she was healed before she stepped forward and hugged Alex, laughing. "I'm not sick anymore! Now I canâ€"" She stiffened and whipped back, eyes wide again. "Ms. Grant! I have to go!"

Before Alex could even say anything, Kara had sped out of the

room.

\* \* \*

><p>Alex had gotten ahold of Eliza when she'd been catching her connecting flight in Denver and told her of Kara's miraculous recovery. Alex had suggested that she just turn back around, but her mom had brushed the idea aside, saying she'd already missed most of the conference anyway and that she missed her girls. They all agreed to meet up at Kara's apartment later on for dinner.</p>

By the time she and Kara pushed the door of the apartment open and stepped inside, Alex was exhausted. She felt shaky, like she'd just spent several hours lifting weights at the gym, and slightly more than mildly dizzy. If her mom hadn't been coming over, she would have just gone home to sleep.

"â€œMade it just in time," Kara was saying, though Alex was only half listening. "You should have seen Winn's face though â€œthe panic. It was pretty priceless." She laughed as she flicked on the lights and moved over to the fridge, opening it and pulling out two bottles of water. She offered one to Alex when she crossed to the kitchen island. "I had to get him two boxes of tropical tie-dye Fruit Roll-Ups to make up for it."

Alex took the water and cracked the lid open, but before she could take a sip, her phone dinged. She raised it to eye level and saw she had another text. She opened it.

"Seriously, what now?" Kara asked, sounding suddenly exasperated.

"Huh?" Alex questioned, blinking up at her sister.

"You've got that green look again," Kara said, gesturing at Alex's face. "So what is it? Fort Rozz escapee causing havoc? Zombie apocalypse? Meteor headed for Earth?"

"Oh," Alex said, her brain feeling strangely sluggish. She looked down at the phone again for a second. "Mom just said she's landed and she's already in a taxi."

"Okay, soâ€¦? And? What else?"

"And we need to go back to the DEO."

"Why?"

Alex didn't answer in words. Instead she darted over to the sink and puked. She'd looked green because she felt green.

"Oh," Kara said.

\* \* \*

><p><em>AN's:\_ I LIED! TBC! Muahahaha. There shall be FOUR chapters, not three. (Or maybe three chapters and an epilogue, we'll see how it works out.) It seemed only fair to give the girls equal sick time.

And yes, I know I should be working on "Boom" and I AM. It just takes me more time because suspense/drama/angst and so on is much harder for me to write than quick little light, funny, random bits. I promise it will be updated ASAP!

Until then, hopefully "Superinfection" will be able to hold you over.

#### 4. Epilogue: Mutated

\*\*Epilogue: Mutated\*\*

"This is your fault."

"I know," Kara sighed in a sing-song manner as she pressed the cool, damp cloth against Alex's flushed cheek.

"You made me see that movie where the delinquents infected me, then you mutated it and reinfected me."

"I know." When Alex had given her the flu after she'd blown out her powers, Kara's Kryptonian biology had apparently mutated it and she'd passed it right back to Alex.

And Alex was not pleased.

"Now Hernandez and Hamilton have double-teamed me and have put me on lockdown. Harewood is literally standing outside the door right now, waiting to sacrifice his health in order to tackle me should I attempt to make an escape."

"Lot of H names."

"Kara."

"Just making an observation."

Alex glared at her. "I can't even use my exceptional stealth training to make a break for it because I would potentially be putting a man's life in danger and he has kids." Alex glared querulously out the glass at the back of the man as if his having kids was a direct slight against her. "I swear Hank chose Harewood specifically to keep me contained because he knew I wouldn't risk someone's life when they have children."

"You wouldn't risk anyone's life period," Kara pointed out. The flu sucked enough as it was, but the real issue was that because it had been mutated alien means, J'onn and the DEO doctors had decided to quarantine Alex just to be safe and she did not like being forcibly contained.

When Kara had asked why it was necessary, they'd told her it was because they didn't want to accidentally let loose some alien-mutated contagion. Aside from Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Hernandez, who both had to be in hazmat suits when inside, the only ones allowed in and out of the room were Kara and J'onn.

"Well... that is beside the point!" Alex proclaimed.

"What is the point?"

"That I'm going crazy trapped in here, Kara!"

Kara swallowed hard at the laugh bubbling up in her chest, just barely keeping it at bay. The grin, though, that she just couldn't do anything about. "Oh, I think we're well past going," she said.

Alex glared at her again. "I thought you said you weren't going to tease me anymore when I was sick."

"Did I say that?" she questioned mischievously. "I must have been delirious with fever."

"Brat."

Kara took a minute to wrangle back down her mirth, but then eyed her sister, noting the creased brow, crossed arms, and the tight press of her lips. She blinked. "Are youâ€¦ are you pouting?"

"No."

She so was pouting. Kara laughed now, just giving up completely at trying to control herself. "Liar."

"Takes one to know one," came the juvenile reply.

"Pretty sure we were too old for that comeback even before I landed on Earth," Kara said wryly. Though, she considered, Alex did tend to turn into something of a child when she was ill so she supposed it was somewhat to be expected.

Alex huffed.

Kara understood now. She'd been sick (if only for a few hours) and she could finally empathize with her sister. She completely knew what it felt like to be suffering and to just want to be home in your own bed.

"You could get me out?" The question was hopeful. Desperately hopeful.

Kara crossed her arms. "Nope."

Alex leveled her with a thoroughly disapproving look. "You're supposed to be on my side."

"I'm on the side of you getting better." And on the side of her sister not infecting the planet with a Kryptonian-mutated super-flu.

"I will get better," she insisted, "when I'm not in here. All you have to do is zoom me out of here. No one will see, no one will know, and at that speed there's very little chance of Harewood getting sick either."

"No, Danvers," came the bark, reprimanding and final. It was from somewhere down the hall, but they still heard it clear through the glass. It was J'onn.

Alex frowned at the door.

"Yikes, he's using your last name. You really must be driving him insane." She'd suspected as much given that when she'd spoken to him when she'd first arrived, he'd simply grumbled, "Vexing," after she'd asked how Alex was.

"I swear he's just keeping an open link to my mind now, keeping an eye on me."

"Probably a smart plan. You might attempt to slip out through the air vents or something."

Alex shook her head. "Too small, and they're welded shut anyway."

Kara raised an eyebrow at her sister. "You've thought about this, I see."

Alex met her eyes and shrugged. "I told you I was going crazy."

"Well, you'll be happy to know Eliza is at your apartmentâ€" "

"Happy?" Alex cocked a bewildered eyebrow. "You're trying to drive me further into madness, aren't you?"

"â€"And she forwarded me that list of items she originally sent you for me," Kara continued, unfazed, "except now they're for you, for when they finally free you from here."

"By the time they free me, I'll either be well again or I'll be dead. I won't need wassail and soup."

If Kara hadn't already spoken to Hernandez and Hamilton, she might have been upset by her sister's statement, but they'd both seemed confident that Alex was going to make a full recovery, that the Kryptonian mutation hadn't done much to the virus save perhaps make the symptoms a tad by more ...severe.

Alex's fever had been 103.6, her cough sounded still like she'd been smoking for 40 years, and she'd gone full Exorcist no less than 6 times, projectile vomiting in an impressive display of expectoration. Nothing had stayed down, not even for a few minutes. She'd been a serious mess. Thankfully most of the worst symptoms had died down for the most part.

"Either way," Kara brushed off. "She also just sent me a text that said, and I quote," she looked down at her phone to read it verbatim, "'Would you mind bringing over some pots as well? I've scoured your sister's apartment and have only come up with a single serve frying pan and the Crock-Pot I got her three Christmases agoâ€| which is still in the box.'"

Alex looked unabashed. "The pan is for eggs in the morning. I have no use for anything more. And as far as the Crock-Pot goes, I'm never home long enough to use it and I'm not just going to leave it on while I'm at work. I do that, then next thing you know there's some

sort of apocalyptic threat to the planet and by the time I get home days later, my apartment has burned down."

Kara was glad that Alex had reached a point in her recovery where she felt well enough to joke back (even if she still had a grumpy edge to her). Earlier, most of her sister's replies had been groans and the sound of vomiting. This also meant that Kara could poke fun at Alex and not really feel guilty about it. "It certainly would be a shame to lose that ratty recliner you've had since college and all fifty-or-so sets of black clothes," she cracked, expression dry.

Alex gave her an irritable look. "I have gray clothes, too," she grumbled. "Now, as I was saying, if any sort of cooking is to be done, we're always at your apartment where you have just about every pot and pan on the planetâ€| which, if you think about it, is fairly odd considering your cooking abilities consist of flash-frying meats with your eyeballs, boiling water, and making Pop-Tarts."

"I can make pancakes, too," Kara defended.

"Sure, if you like them lumpy and on the extremely well-done side."

"\_Anyway\_." Alex looked smug enough that Kara almost didn't want to tell her, but she'd never really been good at keeping anything to herself. "Your mom also said that if I bring the right pans over, she'll make pie."

Alex immediately perked up at that, which Kara took as a good sign. Before, even the mention of food had her heaving. "She did?"

"Yes."

There was a suspicious squinting of the eyes aimed Kara's way followed by a hesitant, "...\_My\_ favorite or yours?"

"You're the one dying."

"Soâ€|?" She knew Alex was prodding because she actually wanted the satisfaction of hearing Kara say it.

"\_Yours\_!"

The sickly one grinned. "Yeeeeees." Then she paused and leveled Kara with sharp-eyed warning look. "Bring the right pans over."

Kara heard the clear 'Or else' in her sister's tone and rolled her eyes. "I \_will\_."

"Good girl."

Kara pursed her lips and shook her head. "Won't be as good as chocolate pecanâ€|" she murmured.

Alex smirked. "Now who's pouting?"

Kara very nearly stuck her tongue out at Alex, but instead puffed out a soft exasperated breath and then smiled. She really was glad to see

her sister beginning to recover. "Just get better, okay? No pie for anyone until you're actually home."

"Again, there is the option of a jailbreak," Alex said, her tone once again almost pitifully hopeful.

"For pie, I'd almost consider it," Kara replied, "Buuuut I'm Supergirl and it'd make me look bad if I released a plague on National City."

"I'm pretty sure this virus has only a short infectious period," Alex speculated, no doubt in hopes of presenting a sound enough argument that she'd be able to change Kara's mind, or convince her to at least talk to J'onn about releasing her. "I mean, I walked all through the DEO before they quarantined me and no one has caught it. I bet it was over before we even arrived."

The moment the words were out of her mouth, a sharp, gurgling cough thundered from out in the hall. Both Danvers sisters snapped their heads toward the door, searching for the source.

At first Kara thought it had been Harewood, but she immediately noticed that he was staring down the hallway, a look of alarm on his face. A beat later, he took several speedy steps backward away from the door.

The culprit lumbered into view. Kara's eyes went wide.

It was J'onn.

Kara inhaled sharply, then breathed out a concerned, "Oh myâ€"

"â€"God," Alex finished.

J'onn stepped through the door into the quarantine lock, waited until it sealed behind him, then pushed through the second door into the room.

The fearsome, stalwart, rock of a man looked utterly green and not in a healthy Green Martian sort of way. "Dammit, Danvers," he growled, his voice nasally and very, very unhappy.

Kara wasn't quite sure which of them he was actually speaking to.

He slapped his hand suddenly over his mouth, paling, and glared hotly at the two of them for just a beat before he turned quickly away to heave into the sink.

Kara looked over at Alex and they winced at each other.

And in that moment, Kara realized he'd definitely been addressing them both.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Author's Notes<em>: THE END. These dorks, I love them so. Alex really, really does not like being contained. \*pets her\*

Thanks for reading! Hope you enjoyed. :D

End  
file.